

the beloved: "Son, behold thy Mother." By these words, sweeter than honey to our hearts, the Divine Word not only revealed to Mary Her new dignity as mother of all mankind but thereby imparted to Her a mother's heart for the children of Adam. His word, like a two-edged sword, opened the heart of the incomparable Mother so that all mankind might enter it. The universality of her love for all of us without exception does not interfere in any way with the tenderness of Her Heart toward each individual, rich or poor, just or sinner. Fear not, O Christian soul, that Mary loves you less because She loves all men. Her Heart is sensible to every thing that afflicts the human family and each person in particular. It is the throne of Mercy to which there is always access night and day. We may compare it to a temple erected in the centre of the universe and constructed with such art that the slightest sound produced here below is distinctly heard. Our most secret sighs find an echo in the Heart of our loving mother who is naturally pitiful and compassionate, having suffered more than any of us.

It is with roses as with men
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

No wonder consequently that the Heart of Mary has become not only the refuge of sinners but also the consolation of all the afflicted.

Sinful hearts, wrecked in the tempest of sin, as white as the snow in the pure long ago and now wandering so far away from your God, despair not and never say: there is no mercy for me! Mary's Heart is your salvation!

When morning breaks, O Mother, be with me,
And as the day wanes, Mother, stay by me.
When evening falls, dear Mother, rest with me.
When night shall come, O Mother, watch by me.
And when I sleep—oh, let me wake with Thee!
